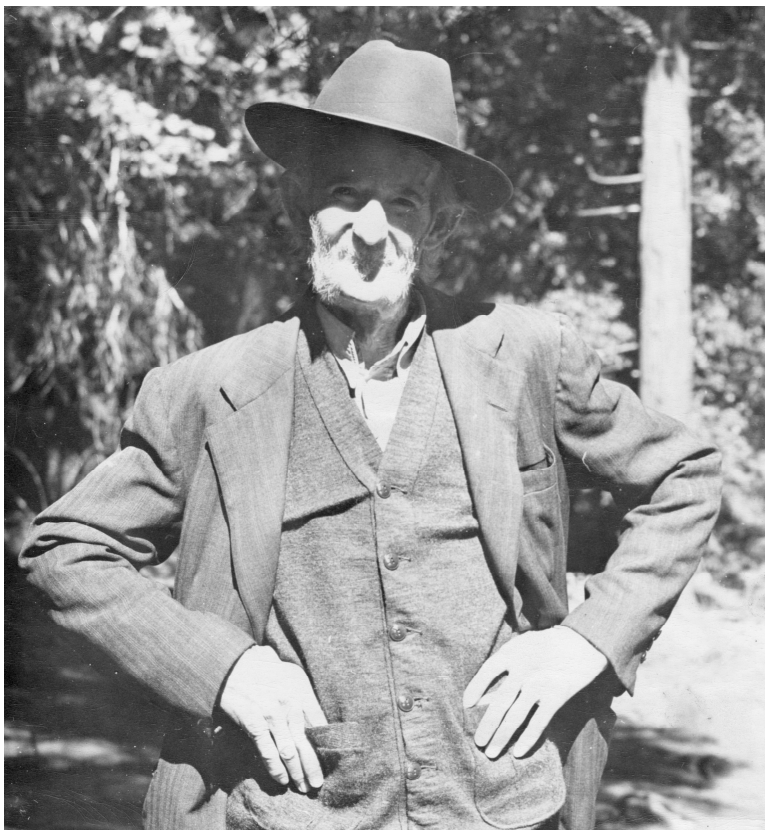
July 19 to December 12, 1933 Diary (typescript)
Robert Haley Asher



Robert Haley Asher, September 9, 1945

Robert Haley Asher was born 28 March 1868, to Josephus Marion Asher, who was the first commercial nurseryman in the San Diego area, providing buyers with fruit trees, shrubs, & vines from his Fruit Vale ranch in Paradise Valley, National City. Robert Asher settled on Palomar Mountain in 1903, and ultimately had 160 acres, living in the Pauma Creek / State Park area. Robert Asher also lived off Palomar Mountain part of the year working as a nurseryman among other things. On Palomar, Asher photographed summer campers, then developed and sold them photos; he also sold postcards off his photos, trapped animals for pelts, collected and sold wild plants, picked apples, and worked odd jobs. Asher moved off Palomar Mountain in 1946 to his sister Mrs. Josephine A. Vacher's place on Fuerte Drive in El Cajon and continued to visit Palomar Mountain until 1951. Asher passed away on 25 April 1953.

These digitized pages are from the Robert Haley Asher papers (held by Peter Brueggeman). When Josephine Vacher's son vacated the family house in El Cajon, the family gave Robert Asher materials at that location to Peter, due to his Palomar Mountain history interests. Digitization of these materials and posting them to the Internet Archive is intended to enhance and preserve access to these materials.

Typescript diary entries from July 19 to December 12, 1933

Wednesday. July 19.1933. Went over to Lower French Valley looking for something to sketch, but Mendenhall cattle too close to the place I wanted to go -- so came back. Started two sketches A.M. Two more P.M. On the way up from Doane ~~Va~~ Valley this morning -- and again on the road to French Valley, noticed many snake tracks crossing or along road. Small rattlers -- probably.

Thursday. July 20. Hot again today. Did some hoeing fox-tail grass. Then the ax -- but ax too dull -- or Bob too lazy. Did a little work on the two morning sketches. At noon to postoffice. Mr. Stone had been in the valley -- Upper Doane. Mr. Judson said that Stone had been putting out poison for grasshoppers. There are certainly enough of them in places. Took a 2-quart jar of last night's milk over for Judson. I introduced Charlie Price to Mr. Judson as "Mr. Conkling"! Price never cracked a smile -- but probably Judson has caught on by this time. Judson told me that there was to be a meeting in San Diego at 10 o'clock tomorrow of those interested in roads on the west end of Palomar Mountain. Judson is pulling for the Sunday School Flat route from the main road to Upper and Lower Doane Valleys. He said that County Surveyor Childs had reported that the proposed route from the West End Grade via the Oliver Place would be too costly. He complained that Mr. Cowles and Dr. Smith didnt seem to know about the Sunday School Flat route. With all due respect to Mr. Judson's judgement I would say that the Baptist folks better stick to the Oliver Place route. Mr. J. asked me if I had any word to send to the meeting. I said that I had no advice to offer but that I would like

to go over the ground with whoever is to decide on route for new West-End Grade. That I was pretty well acquainted with this end of the mountain and would be glad to help along with any knowledge I might have of the terrain. Waited at postoffice until long after 3 P.M. -- and still no mail carrier -- so gave up and came home. Met Nyla Brown Lawler at the postoffice. She and Gene are staying in the J. William Brown cottage at Bailey's. Gene helping at Weber's -- driving back and forth every day. Expect to be on mountain until September. Harry Judson said that he would come over to the Hill Place on Monday to tell me about the road meeting.

Friday. July 21. Hot again. Stopped Gene and Nyla down by the gate and handed them the Weber mail. First time I had seen Gene since he and Nyla had married. And first since I had learned that his last name was Lawler -- had always known him as Gene Jackson. Did some work on the sketches. Am terribly slow -- which is not exactly news -- Artist Maurice Braun once said practically the same thing. Amused myself by hoeing out a little of the broncho and foxtail grass in the garden inclosure. Grass turning yellow and dry.

Saturday. July 22. Hot. Worked on the four sketches. Also hoed grass. Bill and Maryann were over to the postoffice and brought back Hill and Asher mail. Maryann took what ~~ere~~ cream there was and the 2 quarts of milk.

Sunday. July 23. Sill hot. Quiet day. No visitors. Walked up the hill in the forenoon and up the French Valley road P.M.

Monday. July 24. Found the little Bantam hen dead in the garage. No signs of injury. Must have been dead several days. Barnes had written date of July 17th that he had not received the Chamiso shipment. He had sent me the $10.00 here so as to be sure that I would get the money in payment for the Chamiso promptly and that I could send the check back to him. Which I did. Also wrote Paden and the Santa Fe freight agent at Hemet. Thunderheads and overcast part of day. Strong east wind last night blew thing around a bit. No Harry Judson here today. Sketching. Broncho and foxtail. Some big mosquitoes got after the horses. Blue got into trouble west of the house -- but finally allowed me to lead him out.

Tuesday. July 25. Clouded up about 10 A.M. At 11.30 A.M. raining and thundering. I had put Grace and Blue into the lot -- so I turned them loose again. Bailey's pigeons standing around in the rain apparently enjoying it. North wind with Grace and Blue still in the lot with tails to the wind. Am doing a little work on Basic English Amerank. 11.55 -- still A.M. Hailing! The pigeons rose as one bird and lit out for home! Horses have disappeared -- probably to the shelter of the barn lean-to. 12.04 P.M. Crack of thunder seemingly almost overhead! 12.15 P.M. More hail and wind. Hailstones almost as large as marbles. 12.16 P.M. A big bat has just appeared in the sitting-room and is flying around. Probably scared out of the attic by the racket on the roof. 12.23 P.M. Horses unconcernedly grazing down in the meadow. Storm seems to be going down the canyon. In spite of icy ~~fa~~ fall of hail very close and stuffy inside the house. 12.25

12.25 P.M. Raining again! 12.35 P.M. Another stroke almost overhead! Not raining right here at the moment. 12.37 P.M. Another close by! My bed-room damp from two leaks in the ceiling. A plane came over from southwest flying high -- but still under the lower levels of the thunder clouds. Went east. Now back -- and off to the south. Looking for lighting-set fires, maybe. At nightfall -- all clear overhead. Rainfall -- 7/8 of an inch at a guess.

Wednesday. July 26. Distant thunder at 10.30 A.M. About noon a dash of rain. At 4.30 P.M. therometer in house stood 86 degrees. At 5.15 it was 83 degrees. Began calling for Old Sneak, the cow, about 4.30 P.M. Called and called and called, but still she wouldn't come in. Finally caught sight sight of her below the meadow. Had just about finished milking when Mrs Hill showed up. She had walked up from the gate where the Brawns had dropped her. Had had a perfectly "gorgeous" time. Belle Fanton did not come back with Mrs Hill as she had hoped."Too hot." Also afraid of heart-trouble. I finished milking, grabbed my things, and skipped out for home. Gene and Nyla were coming down hill just as I reached the main road and gave me a lift as far as the mail box.

Thursday. July 27. Overcast and threatening most of day. Working A.M. on T.C.terrace. Around house P.M. until 2 o'clock when I crossed over to Yellow Pine Camp for some things and then up to the mail box. Only papers there. Scattered drops of rain falling both going and coming. Three people seemed to be poking around in the gras Lower

Doane as I passed up in the distance -- and were still at ~~ti~~ it as I came back. Could hardly be mushrooms so soon after the rain. Possibly scientists hunting bugs and beetles.

Friday. July 28. High stratum clouds overhead most of day. No rain here but looked like it north. Thunder there too. T.C. Terrace A.M. and after supper. Not feeling like work after dinner, so loafed around house.

Saturday. July 29. Still at Spruce Hill Camp. Clear early and late. Thunder clouds around with thunder in distance middle of day. Worked on Tepee Camp Terrace 3 hours A.M. Brought up paint box and the four canvasses I had taken down there two weeks ago. Have decided to do my painting at Spruce Hill Studio from pencil sketches. Not feeling well P.M., so did not go down to Tepee again. May have caught cold.

Sunday. July 30. Clear. Left camp at 6.20 A.M. Back in camp at 5.30 P.M. Spent the day at Hill's. Plenty visitors. Dr. J. William Brown, Nyla, and Grandma Brown. Charlie Price, wife, and boy. Price had a petition along for signatures. Petition requests that postoffice be retained at Bailey's. Dr. Russel Porter of the Mount Wilson Observatory staff dropped in on the way to Beaches. He had pencils and pastelles along. Intends to stay a week at Beaches -- partly a vacation -- and partly to do some sketching. Bill and Maryann Beach went visiting at Birch Hill Camp Sites etc. Stopped in going and coming. Gene Lawler came along as I was coming up the hill ~~this~~- above Doane Cabins this morning

and gave me a lift. Mrs Bailey was taked seriously ill last evening. Hodgie Salmons is coming over to take care of her. Mrs Hill asked me if she was to leave my mail as usual in the box on Tuesday. I said that I was expecting to go up to the postoffice myself. Then she said that she would saddle Blue too and lead him down to Doane Cabin so that would not have to walk so far. So that's on the program. Bailey's store and postoffice seems be getting farther off every year. I didn't like the idea of her lifting the heavy saddle onto Blue's back -- but didn't seem able to think any argument-proof excuse for not accepting.

~~Monday. July 31.~~

Monday. July 31. Clear. Went up to Doane Valley intending to do a little sketching, but an east wind came up. Not feeling any too good. Think caught more cold sitting around yesterday in drafts. All doors and some windows open. Went to bed during the day for an hour or two at a stretch several times. Started a new picture.

Tuesday Aug. 1. Clear. Worked for an hour near Tepee. Still feeling bum. Was at gate beyond Doane Cabins 12.15. At about 1 o'clock George Mendenhall came along with little girl. Change of plans. Mrs Hill not going to postoffice. I could ride up with him -- or with Bill Beach, who was coming later. Of course I had no objection to riding with ~~Geer~~ George. At p.o. saw Van Rensaller. He had seen my brother Jay lately at Missiom Beach in Turner's real estate office. Been a lot of robberies at beach recently-- sixty or more. He said that Jay was a deputy sheriff and was looking well. Judson's car went back on him last week. That was the reason

he didn't get over to see me last week at Hill's. Mr. Cowles and the State Road Commissioner are expected up any day now. Some complaints from down below that the mountain people did not seem to be interested in roads! Cowles had given Judson a key to hand to me -- but key was in "other pants". Rode back as far as Doane Cabins with Bill Beach. State Sales Tax now in effect. I bought goods from Milton amounting to $1.16. Sales tax 4 cents. Later on I bought two loaves of bread from Stephan for 22 cts. We forgot the sales tax. Mrs Bailey is some better. Saw Louis and Hodgie Salmons. Letter from Sata Fe agent at Hemet. The 13 sacks had been shipped to Barnes on July 10th, and were still at the Pacific Electric Station at Gardena. I forwarded the letter to Mr. Barnes.

Wednesday. Aug. 2. Spruce Hill Camp. Clear. Cold in shade. Worked on terrace and had lunch in the old Tepee. Painting here in the afternoon.

Thursday. Aug. 3. S.H.C. Clear. Worked on terrace and painted. Went up to mail box and waited until after 4 o'clock. No one came along and no fresh horse tracks.

Aug. 4. Tepee Camp. Dinner and supper here. Splitting cedar log cut. Digging and clearing brush. Before 11 A.M. ea plane came over from from west, doubled around directly ~~ove~~ overhead and flew down canyon southwest. Happended to have white sheet in my hand -- so waved it at them and then fastened sheet on side of Tepee wher the fireplace had fallen ~~out~~ down to keep out the wind. Flyers may have been especially interested in this spot. Possibly Sheriff Cooper or

the State Road Commissioner. Did a little painting.

Saturday. Aug. 5. Spruce Hill Camp. Clear here. Fog below. This July in San Diego is said to be the coldest on record. Really -- it didn't seem so cold as all that where I was. Dinner and supper in the Tepee. Working on posts, cutting brush, digging, and a little painting.

Sunday. Aug. 6. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below. Warmer than for a week. Thunderheads along mountains this side of desert. At Hill's for the day. Don Gordon in with friends on way to Weber's. Bill Laverty of 1st National Bank, San Diego, his boy, and George Sears homeward bound from Weber's. I used to know a George Sears of El Cajon, but this George isnt that George. The Lavertys may come up later for a visit at Hill's. Dr. Humison and another of the Mount Wilson bunch were at Bill Beaches yesterday. Russell Porter is doing some surveying around the Beach place. Harry Judson told Mrs Hill yesterday that the State Road Commissioner was to be up the mountain -- she wasn't sure whether said "Sunday" or "Monday". We didn't see or hear anything of him today -- so it must be "Monday".

Monday. Aug. 7. Tepee Camp. Old Tepee. Clear. Fog below early. Dinner and supper here. Hoeing off brake ferns, cutting off brush and piling it. Gathered a little Rhamnus bark. Brought blankets down from Spruce Hill. Expect to sleep with my head in the sketching tent just above Baptist Cabin.

Tuesday. Aug. 8. Tepee. Clouds night and morning. Looked

ccc66. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

thunder storm coming -- but failed to make it. Worked aroun A camp and on picture. Made a strainer out of galvanized window screening and put it on over the upper end of the two-inch pipe. Pressed end of pipe down into the water and weighted it with rocks. "Now", Isaid to myself, "We will have plenty water for our garden". Nothing doing! When I got down to the open hydrant above the Baptist Cabin not a speck of water was coming out! So I shut it off and will try again in the morning. I hope that something can be done without unscrewing the whole pipe line. Wonder if Cowles knows about the stoppage? Bad business leaving the upper end open for all sorts of debris to enter. Plane came over from Doane Valley, passed to southeast, circled low over Bougher Hill, andthen dived down over West End Grade -- same as yesterday. Fast flyer -- all right! Cleaned out a space under the Baptist Cabin and put my bed there -- a precaution against sudden rain. Tacked sacks and cloth part way around to the wind out. Dug a ditch on east side of house to ~~drain~~ tatse off storm waters. Amused myself by drawing up a road petition of my ~~own~~ own addressed to County Supervisors and Whoeveritmay Concern. Want a new west end grade. Route suggested: From Rainbow Drive to Chimney Flat to north side Upper Doane Valley to Lower Doane Valley crossing French Valley Creek about 1/4 mile above Gas Company's Wier Dam along north side of canyon to Lion Creek, doubling back to Pauma Creek near Rainbow Falls. Crossing Creek and around on north side of canyo n to Nate Grade and on around to southeast to connection with San Luis Rey Boulevard between Rincon and the Mendenhall's Potrero Ranch.

Wednesday. Aug. 9. Some clouds to north P.M. Camp water hole in Oliver creek going dry. Full yesterday. Half full today. Cut and piled brush and gathered-a little cascara. Worked on both canvasses. Drew up rough diagram in colored pencils of proposed west-end grade. Another plane. Much slower flyer than yesterday. Except for the aeroplanes this is certainly a quiet spot as far as man-made noises are concerned.

Thursday. Aug. 10. Tepee. Thunderheads northeast and later to the east. Also south almost overhead. Plenty of thunder, but no rain here and only a few drops at Bailey's. Did some chopping and then up to Spruce Hill where I made fresh diagram of road route. Also a typed copy of the advantages to be gained by adopting route proposed. Mailed to Secy. S. D. Co. Planning Comm., Administration Building Balboa Park, San Diego, Calif. Harry Judson gave me the address. Judson said that there would be another road meeting on the fifteenth in Balboa Park. He was in San Diego yesterday, but couldn't "get to" Cowles. "Cowles a very busy man," they told him. John Bunyan Smith was out of the city. I had gone up to Judson's after an early dinner and was there until 1.30 P.M. when he drove over to the postoffice. I tried out one p.o. pen -- and then called for another. Not one whit better! If New Deal pens are a fair sample of the New Deal -- ??? Letter from Barnes. He has the Chamiso. Still wants sample wild sunflower root. None here that I know of, so can't send him any. Had mail inquiry for seed Asparagus Plumosus and A. Sprengeri. No have got. Wish I had. Have only about ~~1.~~ $1.50 left -- and have no idea where any more

is coming from. Reckon I'll have to write Carl Purdy. Its about time for him to be getting in his order if he is figuring on getting any lily bulbs from me this year. Judson handed me the key to Baptist Cabin. Opened up Cabin -- but has been closed up too tight -- rather stuffy -- so shall sleep under the floor once again. Anyhow too tired to change bed upstairs. Whaling big tax-delinquent list in Tuesday's Tribune. Haunt looked yet -- but my name is probably printed there. Noticed a Tiger Lily in full bloom below Chimney Flat. Very late.

Friday. Aug. 11. Tepee. Thunder clouds around part of day -- but no rain near by. Hot. Digging and cutting brush. Gathered some cascara. Folks up the hill were complaining of the heat yesterday. Am feeling it today -- heap lazy -- yesterday's long hike. Put my cot in Cabin and took out the boards on north opening. ~~There are~~ A number of shovels and other tools -- including one fairly good ax -- which I am using in place of the altogether-too-dull one left me by the boys at Spruce Hill Camp after their Easter Holiday week. Also using a shovel. Found my property advertised in Delinquent Tax List. But property advertised in the Addenda is not to be sold coming September -- a new law puts off sale until September, 1934.

Saturday. Aug. 12. Baptist Cabin, Tepee Camp. Clody more or or less all day. Rain about 11.30 A.M. Hot too. Painting. Digging. Chopping. Piling brush. That's about all there is to write up. Oh yes! Mice got at a loaf of bread last night. Cabin apparently mouse-proof. Must have been hiding in the sacks of straw Cowles left in the Cabin.

ccc69. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Sunday. Aug. 13. Tepee Camp. Thunder about mid-night. Hot day. Decided to stay home. Over to Lookout Point and back. Man and three nearly grown boys came along from down creek. Had left car at bottom of mountain and had been two or more days coming up this far. Smelzer, Brooke, and two Spooners. They had run across two men "lost" below Rainbow Falls. But after having been found the two had decided to make a try to get up to the road rather than tag along with the four up the creek bottom. The four knew John Mack and wife. The Macks are living at Fallbrook. Becoming feeble. Was up to Spruce Hill for a shave and went on up to Mailbox. Nothing there. Auto in Valley. Strangers.

Monday. Aug. 14. Tepee. Clouds. Completely overcast all afternoon with lower clouds scudding west. Started Picture No 3. Began work on south end of new terrace. Went up pipe line. Took out plug from upper cut-out. Water came through all right. This is above the union. The other cut-out below union. Took out plug -- no water. Pipe sags between the ~~tw~~ two -- so must be sand-pack in lowest place. Only thing I can think of is to hike up the sagging pipe.

Tuesday. Aug. 15. Tepee. Some rain in night. Top of ground and bushes wet this morning. Threatening all day. Cumulus clouds flying westward.,Different from the all-over blanket of yesterday. Digging and cutting brush -- but not good for much P.M. No painting. Too wet A.M. Too windy P.M. Too much excuse making both A.M. and P.M. Must do better. But what can a fellow do about the weather? He has to take or leave it -- or stay inside.

Wednesday. Aug. 16. Tepee. One little cloud overhead to eastward. Otherwise clear all day. Started Tepee picture No 4 in the morning. No.5 at 3 P.M. Unscrewed my old 3/4 inch pipe near Tepee. Some job. One pipewrench too small and stuck joints. Sprained ankle stepping on wrench handle. Laid off work for several hours after dinner, Put another patch on trousers and did more sewing on the patch I put on the other day. Artistic? I'll say so! Hoed off some brakes and moved one brush pile. Started to build new short trail to the creek from the big rock just east of Baptist Cabin. Rattler coiled near steps to cabin door. He stayed put until I could get my hands on a shovel. Another good rattler. Thew body and head onto brush pile which is to be burned later. No sense in leaving rattlers heads lying around. Too dangerous! I have been delaying going up to the store because so busy and thinking that the 5-gallon tin in Baptist Cabin contained flour. Mine all gone -- so went to tin and took off the cover intending to borrow a cupful or two. Not flour at all! Seems to be some sort of washing powder! Am undecided whether to go up to postoffice tomorrww, or to stick it out until Sunday and then borrow some flour from Mrs Hill. Later: After supper went up trail to Spruce Hill for various articles including razor and nails. Found some old cornmeal. Mousy -- but I'll look itover carefully. Also the remains of a package of cracked wheat which has been knocking around forma quarter of a century -- more or less.

Thursday. Aug. 17. Tepee. Flock of small clouds flying westward above Spruce Hill. Otherwise clear all day. Cutting

down and trimming poles. Split one cedar. Worked on two pictures and started No.6. Visitors about noon. Mr. Spencer of Oceanside who used to camp on the Oliver Place years ago -- and Mr. and Mrs Mc Cortney and their two children -- also from Oceanside. Were much interested in the Baptist Camp proposition. Pland high going southeast this side Morgan Hill. Did a bit of work on new short trail to creek. The corn meal I found yesterday wasn't corn meal at all but sugar! Glad to know that I have sugar -- but disappointed about not having any corn meal. However, two oth- remnants turned out to be white corn meal with tea ~~sugar~~ mixed in, and yellow corn meal -- mousy. I picked last over carefully -- and let the tea stay in the white meal.

Friday. Aug. 18. Tepee. Clear all day. Planted four posts f for new camp. Tackled lower end of Brother Cowles pipe line with the wrenches. Undid all of the 3/4 inch and part of the one inch pipe. May have to do the same with the two inch -- provided I can handle it by myself. Did some work on each of three pictures. French Blue almost gone -- and no money to get more. Am writing Purdy. Mr. Watkins of Encinitas, with two Boy Scouts, hiked down here from County Park near Birch Hill Camp Sites. Mr. Schuneman had told him about me. Mr. Watkins and five Boy Scouts had hiked up ti County Park from Encinitas. He may be back later with a larger bunch of boys if he can get permissiom from the Baptists to camp here.

Saturday. Aug. 19. Tepee. Clear all day. Did no painting. Cut and piled brush. Did some digging. Cascara. Blankets to Spruce Hill after supper to present plan. Frank Fletcher and family of Mesa Grande were at Spruce Hill Camp Friday. Not

ccc72. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

here. Must have gone down to the creek at Dam Site.

Sunday. Aug. 20. Tepee. Clear . At Hill's for breakfast and dinner. Dr. and Mrs J. William Brown ther for dinner and afternoon. Also Virginia, Gene and Nyla. Cowles sent word by Judson that County Supervisors had ordered road survey. Didn't know when surveyors would be up. Escondido paper says Supervisor Hurley favors removal of Prison Camp now at Borego to "slope" of Palomar rather than to the Sante Fe Ranch. Ranch too near populous centers! Camp must be moved from present location by August 22nd. More than a weeks mail in box. Several letters. One from Roy Patience asking "bottom price" on ten to fifteen pounds late-picked seed Asparagus Plumosus. He is handling the cutting and shipping of Plumosus sprays from 25 acres of his own and 10 acres of other. Doesn't look for any prosperity in his line until things pick up in the north. Card written from Tecate. Will has "retired" and they have let the San Diego place go. Are living in one of Charlie Emery's houses for the present. Letter from Josie. She is worried, as usual, about Dorcas. "Will has lost his job". Letter from Bertram and Pullan Foster. Bertram says plants look considering lack of water. I had ordered water shut off before Christmas. Pullan says needn't worry about delinquent water assessment for the present. And even if the property is sold later it will go to the district. Lot of new laws concerning water districts -- hasn't had the time ~~time~~ to study them all out yet. Bertram has fixed up a place next my lathhouse for greasing cars. Looks good to me. Would hate to lose them as neighbors. Brought my blankets down here for

the night. (Written later) Something kept me awake most of the night and got into the waffles Mrs Hill gave me. Mrs Hill was expecting Olive Mendenhall to let her know soon whether Harry would be coming back this fall. There is to be a barbecue in Doane Valley on Saturday or Sunday with talks about road propositions. Mrs Hill helped me out with some flour. She said that a rattlesnake is making its headquarters under the Himalaya Berry bushes. She has killed two since I was there two weeks ago. Virginia Brown is to visit with her for a week or two. Later on Bud Brawn's ~~e~~ sweetheart may come from Philadelphia and would board at Hill's. The Brawns have no extra room at their house. The girl is threatened with T.B. and will probably go on the Brawn Diet. Bud is going to Osteopatnic College.

Monday. Aug. 21. Tepee. Clear except for a few small cumulus clouds flying westward same as last week. Clearing brush and cutting brakes. Painted a bit on each of three canvasses. Light not just right in little cloth sketching tent. May cut hole in top to let in light of the sky. Date of August 17th., Henry Ford had not come into N.R.A. I can think of several reasons why I wouldn't if I were in his~~pla~~ place. Looks like too much coersion -- provided General Hugh Johnson carries out his threats -- to be swallowed by the American people as a whole.

Tuesday. Aug. 22. Tepee. Clear except for same kind of ~~clou~~ clouds, flying over the same place and same general direction around noon time. Funny proposition! Should be some ~~thu~~ thunderheads somewhere. Maybe out of sight toward the desert,

ccc74. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Cutting ferns and working on terrace under Buzzard Rock. Went up pipe line and began clearing a path under the union coupling. At this point the pipe is higher than my head. Painting. Tried a sketch with "pastella" pencil. Heavy haze late afternoon.

Wednesday. Aug. 23. Tepee. Thunder clouds around most of day. Worked on terraces an hour or two and then went up and worked under the union. Think stoppage must be right at the union as there is quite a sag there. Took off balance of 1 inch pipe at lower end and the end of the two-inch down hill. Worked a bit on the sketch, but clouds kept coming in front ofthe sun. Dug some more on the short trail to the creek. After supper up to Spruce Hill for flour I left there Sunday.Found some old cans of milk table peas and corn. Ranger Dewey Rogers and a Forest Service man from Puerta La Cruz C.C.C. Camp were at Spuce Hill yesterday. Sorry to have missed them. I had thought that I heard someone up that way -- but concluded not.

Thursday. Aug. 24. Tepee. Clouds around all day. Hot. A few drops of rain last night and again this morning. Digging and work on new house. Also a bit with the pipe line. Started another pastella sketch. Mr. Mc Clure, Forest Service man at Henshaw Dam,was down about 3 P.M. Said he was cruising around. Reported a car standing above my house -- but no new names on the register at house. Had had 30 minutes extra heavy rain at Oak Grove lately. Been up to 114 degrees at Oak Grove. Whew! Ain't I glad I ain't there! He said that a "stub" C.C.C. Camp was to be in Lower Doane Valley for a month working on "Erosion Control". Well, that's

something! The old mountain has been shaking for quite a while! Mc Clure also reported that the Prison Camp is to be located at Tin Can Flat below Nate's on West End Grade. He hadn't heard a word about any barbecue in Doane Valley. Gus Weber is now at Aguanga C.C.C.Camp. Clouds yesterday and today from west.

Friday. Aug. 25. Tepee. Clear. Cutting brush and painting A M. After dinner went up to mail box. men from Puerte La Cruz working in Lower Doane. Man in charge is a Mr. Clifford. Twenty five in bunch. Returned to Puerte La Cruz this afternoon. Back Monday with about 15 men to make camp in Valley for whatever length of time working here. They fixed bad place in road this side of Doane Cabins and are trying to stop soil erosion in the valley. I would say that Clifford understands his job. But -- well, listen to his wail:- "City boys know lots of things they don't know." The boys are cutting brush and piling it in the gulleys stem ends down -- and loading rocks on top of the brush. No one had heard about the barbecue. I handed Mr. Clifford three ~~lette~~ letters to mail for me. Purdy, Patience, and the Spokane florist. Opened a rusty old can of sardines for dinner today. Boiled the can yesterday and fried the fish today. Looked a all right and tasted all right -- but -- aint feeling so ve very fine this P.M. May be O.K., though!

Saturday. Aug. 26. Spruce Hill Camp 4.30 P.M. Clear all day, Cut brush for two hours on rocky point below Buzzard Rock. Some bad poison oak. Decided to quit work Tepee Camp for the present -- so took blankets up to Spruce Hill. Did a little

on one canvas and one sketch. have five Teppe started pictures nearly finished. Two trips up with canvases blankets and grub.

Sunday Aug.27. Spruce Hill Camp. Clear. Fairly hot. Fog below. Up to Hill's. Cat scratched Mrs Hill's hands yesterday Having trouble with one hand, Had been putting out some old bone meal in garden -- thinks wound infected. I got there in time to milk Old Sneak. When I was leaving she thought hand better and could manage milking by tomorrow. There is to be no barbecue until further notice. Cave Couts has arranged with Louis Salmons to provide beef, etc. Louis also look after the work. He is to know a week beforehand. Couts was wants to get all three of Park Commissioners here at the same time. Mrs Hill was speaking of inequalities in pensions to veterens. A certain persons brother-in-law has a salary of $300.oo per month -- and in addition he gets government pension of $120.oo per month. At the same time Judson's brother-in-law, who is still suffering from war-inflicted wounds, has been cut down to $8.oo per month. Mrs Murray, who was in the war as a trained nurse, has been $100.oo per month. She has now received notice that there will be no more paid on old pension account after October 1st. She has to make a new application -- and within a certime. Two months of the time allowed had elapsed before she even received notice that she would have to make a new application. If nothing prevents am to go to Weber's next Sunday.

Monday. Aug. 28. Clear. S.H.C. Went down to Teppe for tools before breakfast. Started tearing down old frame-work near

spring here. Also remodeling large cabin. Painting on Camp Sites hill canvas. Sorted over and ground more wheat for mush tomorrow. Still don't have to go to the store. Mrs Hill put two eggs and 1/4 pound of butter in with the waffles. Cooler today. Fog below early P.M.

Tuesday. Aug. 29. S.H.C. Clear. Worked around house and on two of the canvasses. Fixed up sheet of color zone paper for Amerank.

Wednesday. Aug. 30. S.H.C. Clear. Clear. Lower Doane white with frost. Upper Doane only a little -- probably due to lack of moisture. Up to Judson's store for supplies. $1.13 cost. C.C.C. have four tents in Lower Doane near the big pine trees. Came home via Oliver's. Met two boys on "patrol duty". They said that they were looking for "campers". They had been down to my Spruce Hill Camp and the Tepee and had got lost on the way back. Must have tried to get out by way of the Oliver Creek canyon. Home town Toledo, Ohio. One boy said that he would stay in Conservation Corps for year. "Good eating! Good job!" Got back to camp here at 9.15 A.M. Worked on two of the canvasses and on odd jobs. Started digging the lilies below the spring. Mostly gone. Too dry -- and gopher had been into the bed. Several Lilium Parryi bulbs had rotted -- but two good ones left.

Thursday. Aug. 31. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below early. Had dizzy spell as I was getting up -- but got on my feet and kept going until 1.30 P.M. before lying down again. Dizziness may have been caused by lack of meat for last week.

ccc78. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Had corn-beef and potatoes for dinner -- with the addition of dock greens for supper. Worked on various jobs and painted a little. Was up to mail box by way of the boy's camp. Clifford up Morgan Hill way getting telephone wire down to camp. Four boys were in the camp. One was cook. Don't know what the others were supposed to be doing. Waited at the mail box until 4 P.M. Nobody with mail. Something that looked like a millionaire's car with driver was headed for Brawn's. Home again via C.C.C. Cook busy. The tree boys were in a tent. Cook invited me to stay to supper but told him had better be getting along home -- might be another chance later. I inquired whether there were any college graduates in bunch here. He thought not here but some in main camp.

Friday. Sept. 1. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below early. Warmer. Down to Tepee for three canvasses and tools, at daylight. Worked on new house. Jacked up one corner of old darkroom. Also on picture or two. At 12.55 P.M. went up to C.C.C.Camp. All but four of the boys gone. Visitor with pony tied pony to pine tree. He seemed to know me, but I can't place him. Made two pastello sketches. One of several big pine trees with pony sketched in. One of the boys called me "Dad" the for the second time. I assured him that my name was "Bob" hereabouts. Other places they called me "Uncle Bob". Also Bobbie, Robert, Asher, Mr, Asher and sometimes Professor. "Whew, they call you alot of names." "Yes", I said "but I guess there are a lot of folks with a lot of different names in Toledo." "Yes," he sais, "They call me a lot of names --

Sam -- Tom -- John -- most anything they happen to think of. But they should call me by the first part of my last name." "Well, just what is the first part of your last name?" "Jim." Let's-see- I cogitated a moment. "Nearest I can come to it is 'Jamison'". "No," answered the boy, "It's 'Jimeson'. My great grandfather's name was Jameson, but he and another member of the family had a row, so my great grandfather changed his name to Jimeson. My folks from some ways back came to Ohio from Tennessee." Mr. Clifford and the other boys had gone back to Puerte La Cruz. "Don't know why." said one of the four. "Black Monday". They have a phone in one of the tents connected up with the Forest Service French Valley -- Morgan Hill line.

Saturday. Sept. 2. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below until quite late in the morning. Started a canvas from sketch made in Doane Valley. More or less dizzy at times. Perhaps have been using too much straight starc h foods. And white flour cakes and biscuits. Started on second house -- working for exercise, mostly. Don' feel that I am obliged to finish anything except the paintings. Worked on sketch in Doane Valley and then up to mail box where I waited until 4.20. No one along with mail. One of the C.C.C. boys was wishing the Captain would come. Should have come Thursday. Boy said he wanted his pay -- little as it is. Army truck came into camp while I was waiting for my mail which didn't come. One boy behind and one man with sleeve marks beside the driver. May be the "captain" with pay roll. The boys have fresh meat most of the time. New supply twice a week.

ccc80. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Sunday. Sept. 3. S.H.C. Clear except for scattered thunder clouds. Mr. Radford, who was up with D.G.Cowles to measure distance for water pipe, came in late yesterday. Had a friend along -- Frazer or Frazee -- two small youngsters, and an older boy. It was so late that I helped them down to the Tepee with a box of stuff. Glad to have Mr. Radford here -- maybe we can get that pipe fixed so that water will run through it. To Weber's for day. Left at 3.45 P.M. so could come home by way of Hill Ranch. Mrs Hill O.K. Mrs Cooper's sister and a younoster or two are visiting her. At Weber's Gus was not at home yet when I arrived, but he turned up in time for the chicken dinner. On foot. Eddie Lyon is learning to be a carpenter -- working on the Weber house, Visited with Aunt Mary -- Mrs W.W. Whitney -- for a few minutes. She seems to be quite at home and proud of the new house the Webers are builing. She is to go down to San Diego about September 15th, but hopes to come back for October. Gus said that the boys of the Temecula-Aguanga C.C.C. are to vote tomorrow on whether they want to enlist for another six months. The new Aguanga-Hipoint road is pretty well along. I could see quite a bit of it from "Inspiration Point," Gus out on patrol duty today hunting deer-hunters. He had e encountered some one down beyond Hut Cut Valley before ~~gett~~ getting home for dinner. Mrs Weber told me that they keep changing gangs on Gus. I havnt figured out yet whether she was complaining or bragging. They give him a bunch of green recruits, then when he is getting them nicely broken in -- say in three of four days -- they switch ~~to~~ them to another boss, and Gus has to train another bunch in the fine art of double-

swinging the brush-hook. Political talk is not allowed while the boys are at work.in If they get started Gus tells them to quit it. If they dont quit the talk he tells them they will have quit the job -- and walk back to camp afoot. That gets them! Too far to walk. The Brawn Diet folks on Palomar are going to use "Tons and tons" of grapes -- eat them -- according to Mrs Weber. My, oh my! The Brawn Diet must be great for the appetite -- let us see -- tons and tons for Mrs Hill, Mrs Weber, Mrs Brawn, Eddie Lyon, Charles Brawn, and mebbe Gus. Fog below early.

Monday. Sept. 4. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below early. Ants very busy at daylight. Went down to Tepee at 7.30 A.M. Folks at breakfast -- but I had already had mine. We went up over the pipe line. Located the trouble at a square elbow. I had pla planned no such thing as a square elbow -- but let that pass, Cowles had evidently gotten into difficulties and had resorted to a square elbow -- and others -- in order to get by. Mr Radford had a cold chisel and started to chip off the elbow. Came a spurt of water. That meant that the stoppage was rig right there -- or below. Then the boy called out that the water was coming -- from the out-let below the elbow. Sure enough! The jarring of Mr. Radford's hammer and chisel had cleared the pipe. Then we went up to the creek, took off my home-made strainer and put on the the regulation strainer Radford had sent up in the first place but which had not bee put on when the pipe was laid. We lifted the end of pipe about six feet above high-water mark, ~~and fastened it securely~~. A bit lower down we tied a rope to a tree and and fixed the other end around the pipe to keep it from sagging. Then Rad

Radford tackled the second union -- the one at the low spot -- unscrewed and left it open. That fixed everything O.K. for the winter. Then I went down to my old Dugout. Tried to follow my old trail -- but trail a mess from fallen trees and limbs -- to say nothing of encroaching live growth. Nature soon covers up the works of man. In the afternoon I did some painting. Radford came by on the way out. Told me that there was some butter, potatoes, bread, and blackberry jam in box outside Cabin. So I went right down to get it. Coming up I helped Mr. Fraser and the boy carry part of their stuff. Fraser ahead. When I was almost under the spring I heard the excited voices of the girls and saw Fraser scuttling up the bank as though something dreadful had happened. I thought sure they had found a rattlesnake up by my cabin -- but when I got there I discovered that it was nothing but the pictures I had been woring on! Cowles plans to be up next week.

Tuesday. Sept. 5. S.H.C. Clear here. East wind last night a and today. Painting and working around camp. Up to mail box. Nothing there. On to the postoffice. Letter from Purdy inclosing check for $8.00 -- this in full of account. I had blown all but 15 cents of what I had in my pockets for a can of meat and a little meal. "Jack" cashed the check and I invested in more eats. Purdy will not need any lily bulbs this fall having plenty left over from last year. He writes that his shelves are full of bulbs -- the catalogues are out -- some orders in -- hopes Nira will help. I stopped in at CCCCamp on way home. Clifford had been busy all day with

one of the officials. Same man is to be around again to mor-
row. Clifford was bothered about section lines. Said fences
seem to go anywhere. I told him that I knew where there were
several good government section corners. Judson said that
Deputy Sheriff Taylor had told him that prisoners were in
camp at the Nate Harrison Place, but that they were not work-
ing because Taylor didnot know what to put them at work at.
Mrs Bailey is around again after her recent illness. Said
that they had sent Maurice Braun's pictures home. Think none
sold. Coming back to Clifford: His brother-in-law is one of
the big artists of So.Calif. "Sayre" is the name as near as
I could make it. Clifford had known both John Wesley Cotton
and Al Valentine. Both now gone. Both had been on Palomar.
Clifford had been home in Glendale over Sunday -- returning
late yesterday -- Labor Day.

Wednesday. Sept. 6. S.H.C. Clear. Low fog toward coast. Work-
ed around camp and some on pictures. Entirely out of French
Blue. Am using some sign painters "blue ultramarine" -- but
not very satisfactory.

Thursday. Sept. 7. S.H.C. Clear. Fog toward coast early.
Seems to be coming in higher this evening. Worked on new
building and on the pictures. After supper went down to the
pipe line and wired the upper end to a tree.

Friday. Sept. 8. S.H.C. Clear. Last night cold. Fog below
all day. Higher. Cut down several small dead trees on Tig-
er Lily Trail. Up to mail box. Gene and Nyla came along
soon. No mail for me. Mrs Weber had not told Gene about
newest arrangement about my mail. Mrs Hill told him yester-

yesterday. But that she would have Bill Beach get my mail tomorrow and take it up to the Hill Ranch. Came home via C.C.C. Camp. Boys were dumping straw from their bed ticks. Ticks to be refilled. Seventy out of the one hundred and seventy boys at Puerte La Cruz voted to reinlist for another six months. Dewey Rogers was in the Valley yesterday with two other men. I didn't see Clifford. Worked on the pictures and on the buildings.

Saturday. Sept. 9. Clear. Fog below early. Along coast all day. Worked on the buidings and on the two canvasses I expect to take up to Hill's tomorrow. And on two others.that are nearly done. Some on Amerank.Worked up a new set of Kode-Amerank Signs -- doubling capacity of Secondary Sign list. Also set of Independent Kode Amerank sigms.

Sunday. Sept. 10. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below early. Toward ocean all day. Thunderheads far to the east. Took the two finished pictures with me to Hill's. Mrs Hill much pleased with them. Had a great time shifting the other pictures around to make room for the new-comers. George Mendenhall and friend only visitors for day. George generally noncomital about my stuff, but I rather think he liked the new pictures. When I was leaving Mrs Hill handed me "a bit of paper to put away in a safe place". Ten dollars on account, pictures purchased which will be a big help. Think now I can risk going down to San Ysidro to start the plants there for the seed crop. Had letter from Roy Patience. Says if we can get together on price that he will take 20 pounds Asparagus Plumosus and 8 pounds A.Sprengeri. Prospects for orange growers in Florida

discouraging. If prices don't get better a lot of growers will go broke. Mr. Judson told Mrs Hill Thursday that the new road is to come into Doane Valley from below -- which didn't seem to suit Mr. Judson very well. He says folks will come up to State Park and go back down the same way -- leaving his resort out in the cold.

Monday. Sept. 11 S.H.C. Clear. Fog below near by all day. Very heavy haze P.M. Working on house and pictures. Down to Tepee for my 50 feet of garden hose and a blanket or two. Piled my things remaining there in one pile.

12.

Tuesday. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below same as yesterday. Heavy haze again ₱ late P.M. Working on house and pictures all day. Three canvasses finished -- for the present at any rate.

Wednesday. Sept. 13. S.H.C. CLear. Fog below early. Worked on shack and pictures. Up to mail box. Nothing there. Guess Gene and Nyla forgot me again. Am getting tired going up to empty mail box. Wrote Mr. Cowles that I am ready to go down. Mr. Clifford was down with one of the boys -- Krishler of Toledo. Ohio. Some time later Kenneth Messenger dropped in with four of the Toledo boys on Rodent Control work. Mr. Messenger is with the Forest Service. They have a camp in Doane Valley beside Clifford's camp. One of the boys told me that all but two of the Toledo boys had reinlisted. Said he guessed they didn't like Toledo very well. Mr. Messenger's brother Ivan is an artist living in San Diego. Mr. Clifford borrowed my old map showing ownership of most of the forty-acre tracts adjoining mine to south and east. He said that he would make a copy for his own use. His brother-in-law

gets $2000.oo for some of his large pictures. On such a picture they figure the costs of canvas, paints, stretcher frame and frame at $50.oo without a bit of work done on the actual painting of the picture. I am wondering if the Forest Service is now picking its men of a type. Messenger and McClure and Rogers are, in a way, very much alike. And, if I am any judge, pretty smooth articles, all three of them -- and no slam intended.

Thursday. Sept. 14. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below early. Higher late P.M. Worked on pictures and did a little remodeling dark room in big cabin. Chopped poles near Tiger Lily Trail, Gene Lawler, Nyla, and Mr. and Mrs Phil Beckert of Los Angeles were down on way to Teppe and Creek. They signed up in the new Visitor's Book. Four names to start with. I hung up the book just inside entrance to the reformed darkroom.

Friday. Sept. 15. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below same as yesterday. Worked on the house and pictures. Packed up all ready to go except things needed up tothe last moment. Am taking only stuff needed for the painting, Amerank, and Amerank Blocks. Leaving The two 5 by 7 cameras and photo material.

Saturday. Sept. 16. S.H.C. Clear. Fog toward coast. At 6 A. M. went up to mail box. Mail this time -- thanks to somebody! Not feeling extra fine. Better P.M. Worked on pictures, Put window in north side erstwhile dark-room. Up to Tiger L Lily Trail for pole.

Sunday. Sept. 17. S.H.C. High clouds flying north most of d day. Fog below. Took three finished canvasses up to Hill's.

Miss Belle Fanton is at Hill's and may stay for months if Mrs Hill has her way. Also Peter The Pup and a yellow cat. Peter is inclined to roam -- disturbing the peace of mind of the household -- and visitor. Mrs Weber and Eddie Lyon were over one evening last week. Mrs W. enthusiastic over the new storm-sunset picture. "If I had the money I would give five hundred dollars for it". Well, ay any rate that was the report relayed to the artist. However it may be said that the price is marked on the side of the canvas -- $100.oo. And with special discount for old customers buying in quantity. But I would be mighty glad to lay hands on even fifty dollars -- let alone $100.oo -- or $500.oo. Arriving home I found that Harry M. Utley had been here during the day. Harry and the Tucker boy used to be around the mountain a good deal about 1907 or 1908.

Monday. Sept. 18. Clear here and below. Not feeling extra. Worked on shack and two of the canvasses. A pretty, white aeroplane went zooming down southwesterly.

Tuesday. Spt. 19. S.H.C. Clear except for one little thunder cloud. Went down to Tepee for water-proof canvas and tick and took up to road with more stuff from here. Dewey Rogers drove in while I was up there and came down to camp with me for a short visit. Didn't seem to have anything special on his mind. He sold the "Cheese-Cutter" for $15.oo. If I had only known that he would have sold at that price I believe I could have arranged to get the money. Such is life! Dewey said that Mc Clure had been telling him earlier in the day that Mc Clure's uncle was the first white child to be born on the mountain and had first seen the light of day at

ccc88. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Nellie. Which probably means the Nellie Mc Queen Paee-
P-ace west side of Dyche Valley. It is my impression that
Nellie Post Office was located there before T.O. Bailey
moved it over to his place. Nellie Mc Queen is said to
have been Palomar's first school marm -- only it was call-
ed "Smith Mountain" in those days. It was due entirely to
Theadore Bailey's persistant endeavors that the name of the
post office was finally changed to "Palomar". Mr. Bailey
argued that the name was especially appropriate on account
of the presence here of many wild pigeons -- Palomar Mean-
ing "Pigeon Roost". There was another post office on the
mountain located betwwen the Mendenhall and Will Cook Val-
leys Named "Jessee" after a man of that name -- not another
school marm. This office was discontinued some years after
my first settlement here. Jim Frazer, I think, carried the
mail from Nellie post office -- and, later by Mr. Fink. Dew-
ey Rogers admitted that it had been up to 114 degrees at
Oak Grove Ranger Station but that the humidity was very low
and folks didn't seem to mind it very much. I asked him if
Forest Service was picking its men by type these days.That
he and Mc Clure and Messenger were so much alike. He laughed
and suggested that it was more a matter of sticking to the
job than selection to type. He admitted that it was possible
that a certain type of man would be more likely to stick to
the Forest Service kind of a job than another -- or others.
He said that of all the Service men he knew when he came in-
to Cleveland National Forest there were now only three left —
Stephanson at Descanso, Lester Husted, Roger's assistant at
Oak Grove and Sam Munhall. Munhall no longer in this Forest.

ccc89. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Wednesday. Sept. 20. S.H.C. Warmer. Low fog coastal valleys, Some thunder clouds. Up to mail box. Worked on pictures and puttered around. See in Tribune that D.C.Cowles was to have preached in the First Baptist Church last Sunday. Hope John Bunyan isn't sick. Fog in as far as Pala at dark.

Thursday. Sept. 21. S.H.C. Clear. Fog below. Worked on pictures and shack. Aeroplanes about several times but did not glimpse even one.

Friday. Sept. 22. S.H.C. Clear. Low fog toward coast. Up early to mail box. No mail! Again! Back by way of C.C.C. Clifford off to work, but Krisher handed me my map -- rolled up in a Toledo, Ohio newspaper. No wonder boys do not care to go back for another six months! Banks with deposits if $100,000,000.oo still closed! Krisher said that Clifford wanted to know about a gold mine in Doane Valley. The only mine I know about is more of a prospect hole than an honest to goodness gold mine. George Doane once gave the Cartt Boys permission to mine on his property and they opened up a hole at the foot of the hill north end of Lower Doane Valley and took out something like two tons of gold-bearing ore. This was hauled to Banner near Julian and Milled there with a return of a thirty-dollar button of gold. Doane told me that he bought the button from the brothers for a souvenir. Later Mr. Dixon of Pine Mountain worked in the same place. Summer and fall of 1915 if I remember correctly. He had a deep cut into the hillside and was using a steel wheelbarrow which I think he left there when he went home the last time. Then came the floods and slides of

January, 1916 and the whole thing caved in. Dixon never ~~ret~~ returned to dig the barrow out. At on time, and for several months, Peter Schnack of Escondido and a Mr. Cooper prospected the neighborhood pretty thoroughly, but found nothing worth while. As for the Cartt Mine the pay ore was only a stringer of quartz -- nothing like a real vein. Worked on picture and the shack.

Saturday. Sept. 23. S.H.C. Clear. Fog toward coast. Worked on shack. Also on the pictures. Have four more finished ready to take up to Hill's. No visitors at all. If nothing turns up by Monday morning I shall have to try to make something turn up anyhow. Short of grub. Short of paint. Short of time to get get water and fertilizer on those plants at coming San Ysidro if I am to get a crop this season.

Sunday. Sept. 24. S.H.C. Clear. High fog close in early. Took the four canvasses up to Hill's. Miss Fanton still there and seems to be standing the altitude with no ill effects. Mrs Hill said that Mrs Weber is as "loony" as ever over thet sunset picture. Letter from D.G.Cowles. They are keeping him busy down there. May get up later for a week's vacation. Guess I had better go up to Judson's in the morning to see what he can do for me in the way of transportation.

Monday. Sept. 25. S.H.C. Clear. Fog in close A.M. Haze P.M. Started 6 A.M. Judson and Mrs Judson's brother already gone when I arrived. Mrs Judson said that she expected them home by 2 P.M. So I picked up cull apples for her until 11 o'clock

Had early dinner, but Mrs Judson wouldn't hear of me going back to work, so I sat in the easy chair reading and gossiping until 3 P.M. when the men folks arrived. Judson said that he would take me clear down to my San Ysidro place. He is to call here for me tomorrow on or before 9 A.M. He also said to let him know any time I might want to come up again later in the fall and he would fetch me. Carl Embree is to begin working for the Judson's next week. And Carl Embree is Rev. D.G.Cowles nephew. Judson thought he would get the State Park apples on a fifty-fifty basis.Guy Fleming, who has been in charge of the park between La Jolla and Del Mal, Is also to have charge of the Palomar Mountain State Park. Some one told him that the County Surveyor was going to accept Asher's suggestion and side-step the Mendenhall Cattle Company. The Judsons have also secured a five-year's lease on the Planwydd property. They are to give 20 per cent of returns on apple crop and to pay the taxes. If I got it rightly, Mrs Judson said that taxes this year came to about $38.oo. Gene Lawler seems to have been working for Mrs Wyess today. They were hauling stones from -- Silvercrest -- I think. Mrs Judson had been over to Hill's recently. Said that she especially liked the one of my cabin here with the yellow foliaged oak and the big nearly-dead fir tree. Mrs J. is the second person who has expressed a preference for pictures with dead forest monarchs somewhere around. And Mrs Hill is just the other way round!

Tuesday. Sept. 26. San Ysidro Garden. Clear on Palomar A.M. Fog below. High fog back from ocean early this P.M. Mr. Judson tooted his horn for me at about 8 A.M. I had been busy

carrying stuff up to the road. We went down the West End Grade. At Escondido Edgar Turrentine O.K'd the Hill check. Parked car in San Diego about 11 A.M. I got a hair cut at Llyod's Barber Shop for 25 cents. He had a "Nira" card in his window. I had been thinking that the Nira Barber's Code called for a charge of fifty cents per hair cut, but it seems not. Or possibly a whole lot of Lloyd's customers simply wouldn't pay fifty cents. Cowles not in at the White Temple, but I ran into Bob Fleisher on the way out. He had a date but stopped to chat for a minute or two. John Bunyan is expected back home on Friday. Judson took me to an eating place -- but wouldn't let me pay the check. Arrived here about 1 P.M. Stopped on way at National City to buy groceries -- both of us. My bill came to $4.15. Took Judson over to see the Fosters. Fosters -- as usual -- seemed glad to see me. Judson thought the pomgranites were persimmons. Had apparently never even heard of such a fruit as a pomgranite. He told Mrs Foster that he had to come down to San Ysidro again next week. So Mrs Foster ordered a box of grade B Jonathons at his price -- 75 cents. Bertram said that he had two boxes full of China Lily bulbs. He only wanted to keep 50 or 60 and suggested that Mr. Judson take the balance up to the mountain for me -- Judson to have some of the bulbs. Judson agreed to take them along and take ~~ee~~ care of them until my return to the mountain. He wouldn't allow me to pay anything toward cost of gasolene for trip. He seemed to be unusually well-informed as to roads hereabouts. Explained that he had lived at Lincoln Acres for awhile. Had dropped a thousand dollars there. Seller of acre he had ~~bou~~

bought didn't have title. Plants in lathhouse here looking fine in spite of not having been irrigated at all this season.

Wednesday. Sept. 27. High fog much of day. I found that cow manure would cost too much so I arranged with neighbor Herman Wilms to get me 100 lbs commercial fertilizer thro the Poultry Association. Was at Foster's when the Los Angeles Times news talk came on. Mr. Foster is quite worked up about F.D.R's Nira. Ridiculous nonsense and more to that effect. He was very much pleased with Henry Ford's stand.

Thursday. Sept. 28. San Ysidro Garden. No sun all day. High fog. Pete brought me the fertilizer -- 100 lbs for $1.75. went down to S.Y. postoffice.New Postmaster -- Mary Alice Bowman. The Sabins and Hamiltons had held down the job for a long time -- well nigh twenty years. Went over the whole lathhouse with the fertilizer. Have about thirty lbs left.

Friday. Sept29. S.Y.G. High fog all day. A few drops of rain in the night. Getting tired of the gloomy weather. Think will hop over to El Cajon -- or back to Palomar -- first good chance.

Saturday. Sept. 30. S.Y.G. High fog until 9 A.M. Some big thunderheads far to the east. Pullan Foster had his hair cut by Lloyd. While there he listened in to quite a conversation about N.R.A. and Lloyd's charge of but 25 cents per hair-cut. Lloyd had been in same locality for seven or eight years. Had tried the fifty-cent rate, but didn't take in more than five dollars per week. Neither Mr. Fos-

Foster nor the other man -- not Lloyd -- would stand for such an outrageous charge as 65 cents -- but might go to 35 cents.

Sunday. Oct.1. S.Y.G.High fog in morning. Down to the Dyke for morning walk. Up into the hills afternoon. Joe Wilms came over with his stamps. Joe doesn't see the sense of going to college unless a boy figures on a professional career. Guessed he would be a farmer. The two-years course at Davis good if the wherewithall were forthcoming. Two years more of high school, times may be better when must decide. Many college graduates can find nothing but menial labor to do. Couldn't see the sense of losing four years when might be at work earning something and getting a start in life. Some thunder heads in far eastern sky.

Monday. Oct. 2. S.Y.G. High fog early. Working around place.

Tuesday. Oct. 3. S.Y.G. Clear. Thunderheads east. Same work. Don't feel extra fine. Mosquitos kept me awake much of last two nights. Have stuff all together for quick get-off.

Wednesday. Oct.4. S.Y.G. Fog along ocean. Thunder clouds overhead and from east to north. Letter from Dorcas. Quite cheerful. Will retired from S.D. Park Department on pension. "Overwork", according to doctor. Tired of San Diego fogs and water and phone charges to say nothing of city taxes and the Mattoon District muddle.Will has had three good jobs offered him already.

Thursday. Oct. 5. Fog morning and evening. S.Y.G. Same work.

ccc95. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Pete Keenan - Friend.

Friday and Saturday. S.Y.G.High fog most of time. Work as before. Thunderheads back country.

Sunday. Oct. 8. S.Y.G. High fog all day. No sunshine at all. Up Oil Well Canyon and hills north. Some faint indications of bloom coming on many of the plumosus vines. Sprengeri still dormant as far as eye can see. Both varieties were at a stand-still when I got here. If they move at all the only thing they can do is to bloom -- maybe.

Monday. Oct. 9. S.Y.G. High fog all day, but with a few ~~gli~~ glimses of sun. Worked in garden and on studio. Mrs Foster sent over a bowl of chicken soup for dinner -- what with potatoes and vegetables almost a full dinner in itself. Flock of ducks flying south about 4.30 P.M.

Tuesday. Oct.10. S.Y.G. Cloudy all day. Work same as yesterday. Sun showed face as setting. Diameter one half length ranch house Schnell's Dairy. To Dyke early for wood.

Wednesday. Oct. 11. S.Y.G. High fog early and late. Sun middle of day. Judging from appearances thunder storm conditions still hold in the back country. Planted 9 pounds old plumosus seed. Worked on studio etc.

Thursday. Oct. 12. S.Y.G. Low fog early. Got load of sticks down at the dyke. Rats there. Worked on studio. Painted notice for Bertram. Letter from E.S.V.

Friday. Oct. 13. S.Y.G. Again low fog. And another load of sticks from the dyke. Made rose cuttings. Cleaned and repainted two oven indicators for Mrs Foster. Two more later.

Bertram spoke to me about repainting the three signs in front of their place. Looks like they are making jobs for me -- so I wont starve. Anyhow it makes me feel better. May be able to stick it out until December after all.

Saturday. Oct. 14. S.Y.G. High fog early. Working in garden and in studio. Cleaned and painted letters on two more stove indicators. Mrs Foster gave me 50cents for doing the four. This was about right -- it took me an hour to do the four -- and mighty glad to get anything these days.

Sunday. Oct. 15. S.Y.G. High fog early. Clouds along the coast. Getting plenty tired of everlasting fog, fog, fog! No sight yet of Judson or the box of apples for Mrs Foster, so wrote him ready to go up to Palomar if he should be ~~arou~~ around this way. Hikes east and north.

Monday. Oct. 16. S.Y.G. Low fog until8 A.M. Working on stud 10
and lath house. Planted 5 lbs old plumosus seed. At from 10.30 to 11.30 large numbers of aeroplanes parading all around overhead. Counted over 150 in sight at one time. At 3 P.M. air full of moisture and fog clouds between here and the ocean.

Tuesday. Oct. 17. S.Y.G. Fog in before daylight. Clear and hot. Planted 1932-crop plumosus seed. Down to store and ~~lib~~ library. Saw Houser, Cahill, and Walter Richards.

Wednesday. Oct. 18. S.Y.G. Clear and hot. Planted 1932 crop Sprengeri seed. Worked on picture. Mosquitos bothering off and on all night in spite of having swatted all I could catch on the windows at dusk.

Thursday. Oct. 19. S.Y.& Clear. Fog coming in along coast P.M. Digging in garden. Put out the balance of the fertilizer over the same ground as before.

Friday. Oct.20. S.Y.G. Fog early. Worked around lathhouse. To dyke for wood. Afternoon to store etc, Saw Lorenzo Judd, Mrs Clifford and Hannah Wakefield -- all old-timers. Miss Wakefield said new road coming for Palomar. Had hoped Harry Judson would get around today -- but no come.

Saturday. Oct.21. S.Y.G. High fog early and late. Sun middle of day. Trimming out alternate rows plumosus west side lathhouse. Rev. D.G. Cowles came along in the afternoon with a new man -- Rev. Focar of the Chula Vista Baptist Church. Focar is to have charge of the educational programs of the Palomar Baptist Camp, while Cowles is to look after roads etc. Judson not coming this way again, so he let Cowles know that I wanted to go back to Palomar right away off. D. G. expects to go up next Tuesday and offered to take part of my stuff. So I gave him three boxes of greenhouse glass, stretcher frames etc. Rev. Focar is to go up Wednesday and is to call for me here "early". Say between 6 and 8 A.M. "Can't start too soon for Bob -- he's an early bird", said Cowles. So here's hoping that all goes well -- including a bit of nice weather for the trip up. I asked him about the ethics -- or what have you -- of fur trapping. He ~~eel~~ could think of no objections if I did the trapping -- but as for himself, personally, he did have very strong objections to trapping skunks. Well, I don't especially like close contacts with the critters -- but a trapper has to tackle every thing

ccc98. Diary.Asher. Palomar.

Sunday. Oct. 22. S.Y.G. High fog. A little sunshine middle of day. Walk north into the hillsA.M.

Monday. Oct. 23. S.Y.G. Low fog until 9 A.M. Clouds back at noon. Working in garden. Was down to store to get some supplies to take along on Wednesday.

Tuesday. Oct. 24. S.Y.G. Fog or mist early and late. Gardening. Took all hose into the cabin and turned off the water.

Wednesday. Oct. 25. Spruce Hill Camp. Fog at San Ysidro, but got out of it into the sunshine east of San Diego. Rev. Focar was late reaching the garden -- 9 A.M. Took me and my dunnage aboard, but gave part of the stuff to Mr. Carr, an Immigration Officer, when we reached Chula Vista. Called at Claypoole's garage for gasolene. Mr. and Mrs Focar, Teddy Carr and Bob Asher in the new car -- Mr. and Mrs Carr and the three little Carrs in the Buick. We arrived at the Setee at the head of my road at about 2.40 P.M. Focar's new car not working just right most of the way. It seemed to me that some of the bearings needed greasing; but Focar said that the machine had not been run 10,00 miles since it was bought so it couldn't be that the bearings were at fault. Shouldn't wonder if Bob was the Jonah. Anyhow Focar and Carr dropped my stuff at the Setee and the Carrs and Focarrs piled into the Carr car to go on down to the end of the road. I decided to spend the night here, so brought down blankets and some grub.

Thursday. Oct. 26. Yellow Pine Camp. Clear all day. Fog below. Busy carrying stuff over here from Setee.

ccc99. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Friday. Oct. 27. Y.P.C. Clear here. Fog below close up. Still packing things over from Setee. Rev. Focar took his car out before 10 A.M.

Saturday. Oct. 28. Y.P.C. Clear here except for a few summer clouds. Carried over two loads from Tiger Lily Trail. Went down to Tepee Camp about 10 A.M. Visted with the Cowles and stayed for lunch. Had a chicken dinner! Think of it$! In all the years I lived there I never had chicken for dinner -- or supper either.They gave me some eatables to take up home. They were expecting to pull out this afternoon. Fog below. Got in some wood.

Sunday. Oct. 29. Y.P.C. Fog below. Clear here. To Hill's for day. Miss Belle Fanton still there and doesn't seem to be feeling any the worse for the elevation.

Monday. Oct. 30. Y.P.C. Cold morning. Fog below all day. Clear here. Went over to Spruce Hill Camp for window sash and some glass. To Cedar Creek for old iron pot and to Iron Spring for heavy skillet. Worked a bit on Woodwardia Way cleaning out brush.

Tuesday. Oct. 31. Y.P.C. West wind in night. Light rain about daylight -- 1/3 inch. Went over to Tiger Lily Trail for more things cached there from Setee. Up to mail box late, Some mail. Got some apples. Worked in house most of day.

Wednesday. Nov. 1. Y.P.C. Clear below. Not a cloud in sight all day. Working in house and reading. Wrecked original lean-to in center of camp and inclosed sleeping room temporarily, Went over to the valley for a sackfull of pine knots.

cccl00. Diary. Asher. Palomar.

Thursday. Nov.2. Y.P.C. Very clear below. Some summer clouds here A.M. East wind came in the night and continued all day. Went over to Spruce Hill and down to Tepee early for some things. Back by way of Doane Valley. Worked on house here until after 3 o'clock when I heard someone yelling in direction of Spruce Hill. Went out on Woodwardia Way overlooking canyon and yelled a bit myself. Came a voice; "Come over here, Bob." So, over I went. There was D.G.Cowles with County Surveyor Ernest Childs and a Mr. Rickards -- also a surveyor. They wanted information about State Park lines. It seems that Park Superintendent Fleming objects to the cutting of either live bushes or trees on Park lands. No one can build a road on this mountain without cutting a few trees and a good many live bushes. So Cowles and Childs are trying to figure out a way to get a road into the Baptist Camp foty acres without touching Park lands.

Friday. Nov. 3 Y.P.C. Clear everywhere. Atmosphere extraordinarily clear toward coast. Started work on new trail west from house on level contour. Tearing off boards on roof. At noon went over canyon and down to Tepee for more things. Back via Tiger Lily Trail and Doane Valley. In the valley I ran across Walter Rowley -- Ruth Keaton's husband -- and another man putting poisoned alfalfa foliage in gopher holes. They mark each place with a numbered stake. Expect to be back about noon Tuesday to oped up holes and check results. Wednes return to see if holes have been filled. The poisoned alfalfa proposition hasn't been working very well on Laguna Mountain. The two men expected to go to Elsinore tonight.

Walter said that he had heard that raw furs were very low - hardly any demand for them. However, I put out two gopher traps hoping to catch some bait for the big traps.

Saturday. Nov. 4. Y.P.C. High fog over ocean. Clear here. Worked on trail and house. Up to mail box. Letter from E.S. V. Wnts me to visit them. But I am all set here now and may stay for a month or more.

Sunday. Nov. 5. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. East wind. To Weber8s for day. Gus at Aguanga-Temecula C.C.C. Mrs Weber, Eddie Lyon and Mrs W.W.Whitney there. Aunt Mary had been very sick before coming up this last time and was still insufficiently recovered to see visitors. But she told Mrs Weber that she wants a long talk with me the next time I am up there. Eddie was 24 years old yesterday. He is still working on the house. Also has learned to milk and now milks two of the cows. Saw Charles Brawn twice during the day. Mrs Baker dead from heart trouble. She was Mrs Claude Conkling, mother of Rosemary Conkling. E.S.V. was 80 years old Oct.27,

Monday. Nov. 6. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. East wind moderating toward night. Worked on trail. To Spruce Hill for window sash, etc. Put sash in bed-room window here. Got water from Doane Valley and set gopher traps there.

Tuesday. Nov. 7. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. East wind. Still cold. Worked on trail and house. Was over to valley for two sacks full of pine knots. Saw nothing of the Rodent Control boys. Caught gopher. Aeroplane came around about 11.30 A.M. flying low. Circled my camp a couple of times.

Wednesday. Oct.8. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Working on house and trail. Got one gopher. To mail box 8 A.M. Nothing. On way back saw Mr. Horn and Kenneth messenger. They hadbeen going over last Friday's work. The poisoned alfalfa was 100 per cent effectual. Sweet potato in half-inch cubes 90 per cent. Mr. Horn is a Berkeley graduate.

Thursday. Nov.9. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Worked on house and trail. To Doane Valley to reset gopher traps. Saw man in khaki with shoulder bags hiking across from French Valley Trail.Went over to Spruce Hill for oranges and took half dozen traps out to head of Tiger Lily Trail. Made a quick sketch of a fairly good sunset glow.

Friday. Nov.10. Y.P.C. Clear here and below except for a few light high clouds. Another fine sunset -- and another quick sketch. Worked on house. To mail box. No mail. Saw Bill Beach loading wood on his truck to take up to Hill's. Mrs Beach on the Brawn Diet. But not Bill! He said that Harry Hill's pension has been cut to $15.oo per month. Harry may be back soon -- presumably for the winter. Beach has taken down the shade over his ginseng gardens for the winter. Was growling about not having enough water. And not having enough pressure to make the sprinkling system work properly. It had cost him 35 cents per foot for the sprinkler pipe. I couldn't get out of him whether it was the Skinner System or not. Gene Lawler will not be along with the mail for awhile. He is busy getting in wood for the winter at Bailey's.

Saturday. Nov.11. Y.P.C. Clear here and below except for streaks of high stratum clouds. Worked on leveling off

off view point above House Level Trail west of the house. Also on house and digging Moardella plants for Carl Purdy. Wrote to E.S.V., Carl Purdy and Roy Patience. Black oak trees turning glorious yellow-gold. Think will sketch first few days next week.

Sunday. Nov.12. Y.P.C. Clear here and below except for light, streaky high stratum clouds. There was an unusual morning "sunset-glow" west of Bougher Hill. And another perfectly ~~georeus~~ gorgeous sunset. At Hill's for the famous waffles. As I was leaving camp in the morning a number of deer filed past me on the lower trail. One big several-point buck, two young bucks, two or three does, and the same number of youngsters. It was a womderfully beautiful sight -- the brilliantly golden oaks with the dark other side of the canyon in the background. At Hill's Miss Fanton still seeming to enjoy herself. The three "Warnock Boys" dropped in for a visit. Bob and Sam and Jim and their Swiss friend. Old Sam Warnock was one of the early-day stage drivers. On my usual walk up to the old Quigley Place I encountered a buck. Also two does. In each instance the animals were real close and seemed to be in no hurry to get away. Coming home I found a copy of Mr. Brawn's booklet in my mail box.

Monday. Nov.13. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Dry east wind. Cut out brush on Castle Hill Trail above house so that I can get through when I begin trapping. Bundled 200 Monardella roots and left them to soak in a basin of water. Went up northeast of French Valley Creek to look things over. Not feeling extra, so did but little sketching. Finished going

~~view-point-west-of-pines.~~
over traps with olive oil. Someone is hammering in the direction of the C.C.C.Camp. Good sunset. Made another sketch. Also partly finished sketch Doane Valley near crossing of creek. Reflections of tall pines and the yellow oak trees in water.

Tuesday. Nov.14. Y.P.C. Clear except for high stratum. Peeped out at the sky several times during the night but failed to catch sight of any shooting stars. Set and baited traps as far as Oliver's. Was by C.C.C. early. Kenneth Messenger there with a number of boys and two tents. They were cutting up sweet potatoes for poisoning gophers. A fine sunset -- and another quick sketch.

Wednesday. Nov.15. Y.P.C. Clear here all day with clear sunset. Fog over ocean and part way in from the coast. At 4 P.M. can smell fog in the air. Started to run trap line soon after daylight going by way of the boy's camp. Cook and Messenger up. Messenger looked cold. Bait stolen from three traps. Got two foxes on the Oliver Place. Set gopher traps and all but four of the steel traps. Coyotes howling last evening and again early this morning, and now, at dark, they are at it ~~again.~~ once more. Dewey Rogers passed me as I was coming down from the Oliver Place about noon and took my bags to C.C.C.Camp. Took off the two fox pelts and put them on the stretcher boards. Saved part of g.s. for cooking tomorrow. Wish I didn't have to trap. Heap no likee!

Thursday. Nov. 16. Y.P.C. Clear here. Fog below. Got one fox and one coon. Also one gopher and 2 ground squirrels.

Ralph Tillinghast and a Mr. Ford were cruising around the Adam's and Oliver Places and Doane Valley ostensibly "hunt-in quail". Tilly had a dog with him. He said that he had cut fallen stuff out of old road above Oliver Spring with the intention of running a trap line down this way and thro through Doane Valley. He now says that he wont begin for 9 or 10 days yet and will not come then this side of Bailey's. He didn't trap last winter, but the winter before he caught 22 racoons -- all from water sets. I never had any luck with water sets. The coon I got this morning took a piece of mountain quail bait. The quail had gotten into one of my et traps the day before. Was by C.C.C. Two San Diego boys in camp.They said that there were 30 boys from San Diego in the Port La Cruz Camp.

Friday. Nov. 17. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Easterly wind all day. No fur in traps. One jay. Pulled traps Adams orchard. Mail at box and back by C.C.C. Only one boy in sight. Got some moss and packed the Monardella plants. Saw coyote north of the crossing in Doane Valley and heard others up the trail toward the Hill Ranch.

Saturday. Nov. 18. Y.P.C. Clear here. Low fog early. Went e over the traps as far as Oliver's and took the box for Purdy on up to Judson's. I had left home at dim daylight -- but Judson had started below before my arrival. Got some 22 rifle cartridges from Mrs Judson, and a box of matches. She said that the new road to the Baptist Camp was to come by their place and Thunder Ridge. Thunder Ridge -- I gave it that na name in 1912, and it seems to stick. Carl Embree still work-

working for the Judson's. She said that Carl was a very good worker and that the baby was a lovely youngster. And that the new road is to be 32 feet wide, paved, and completed within two years. Also that when the owners of Planwydd first heard of the route selected for the new road that they didn't like it at all and talked of putting an injunction on it -- holding up construction for "Two years" -- but having attended a meeting and seeing the route of survey they withdrew objections. All of this according to Mrs Judson's version of the matter. Home by 10 A.M. dead tired. Went to bed and stayed there for an hour and a half. After dinner cleaned the four skins, sewed on buttons, mended coat and patched overalls. Also got in wood and went down to the creek for water. Took a shave and a bath and was just putting on socks when I heard a siren sounding towards the Hill Ranch. Got into shoes, grabbed up a bucket and started down the trial toward Doane Valley. When only part way down I heard a shot -- then a dog baking below Hill's. Bet it was Harry letting the folks know that he was coming. Well, we will see in the morning. East wind blowing night and day, Morning frost in the valleys. Nothing in the traps.

Sunday. Nov.19. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Up to Hill's. Harry may not come home after all. Olive Mendenhall will board him at their Fresno County ranch for $10.oo per month provided Harry builds cabin and lives there on his own forty acre place. I think he has lumber for the cabin already on the ground. Don Gordon went up by Hill's last night on his way to Weber's. On his way home today he stopped in at Hill's and gave me a lift down as far as the Doane

Cabins. Bill Beach is cutting wood for Mrs Hill for winter use. That's one job that used to worry Harry. Aunt Mary has gone down to her San Diego home for the winter. It was not considered wise for her to stay longer now on account of pe possible difficulties in obtaining necessary articles of diet etc if stormy weather comes. Mrs Weber went down with her and came back with Gus yesterday. Miss Fanton is at Jesmond Dene, where she has a cottage, but may be back later. At any rate, Peter the Pup and the yaller cat are still here.

Monday. Nov.20. Y.P.C. Clear here. Fog toward coast. No fur in the traps. Put out a line of traps around Silvercrest. Some ice in creek this morning.

Tuesday. Nov.21. Y.P.C. Clear. Fog along coast A.M. Three foxes in traps, but the fur so bad on the one from the Oliver place that I did not try to skin it. Dry, cold east wind came along early and has continued all day.

Wednesday. Nov. 22.Y.P.C. Clear here and below. East wind blowing by fits and starts all day. Three foxes from near Silvercrest. Pulled out all traps there and down this way as far as Oliver's. Think will take out everything tomorrow and give the traps -- and myself -- a rest. At this time of the year the skins should be prime -- that is, the inner surface of the pelts should be entirely free from blue patches or specks. Some of the last fox I have been getting have blue specks around the necks. If this cold spell continues all the skins should soon be perfectly prime. Stopped at C.C.C. going and coming. They gave me a gopher for bait. Up to mail box. Note there from Mrs H. Thanksgivi-

Thanksgiving dinner 6 or 6.30 P.M. Letter from Breeze Hill Gardens, Opelika, Alabama. They want to know about seed Asparagus Plumosus and A. Sprengeri. Had seen one of my old ads in the Florists Review.

Thursday. Nov.23. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. East wind blowing night and day. Took out balance of traps and made two caches -- one under lilac bush n.e. corner Sawdays and the other near the head of Tiger LilynTrail. Got one fox. Drowned in the Oliver Spring. Took it home and dried it out in a windy spot. Unuasually fat. Doing odd jobs around house balance of day. Wrote Breeze Hill to ask me in February or March for prices on seed. At C.C.C. a Montana boy was doing the cooking. He complained that cooking utensils were too large. Intended for use in big camp -- not for small bunch like here. He said that the present bosses name was Cassou of Escondido. Had been with the Cassou Butcher Shop there. The Pathfinder reports rumor that C.C.C. Army may be increased to 500 000 or even a million members.

Friday. Nov.24. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. East wind still blowing fitfully. Took airmail letter up to mail box. Brought home the traps from T.L.T. Montana Kid told me that he had to bake bread today -- and that the oven doesn't work very well. Also that one or more of Bailey's horses had visited the camp last and had raided the grub box -- scattering flour and other supplies all around on the ground. He thought camp would stay for awhile longer -- for first part of week anyhow. He said that he would be sorry to have to go back to Port La Cruz -- likes it here. Barracks not so good. Worked

around house and did weeks plus washing. Went down to Wier Dam and started a sketch there with reflections of golden-foliaged trees on water of pond. Although sitting in the sun and protected somewhat from the wind it wasn't so fine — have a headache. Went on up Doane Creek a bit and left my sketching tent and things there for work tomorrow. Fetched balance of traps this side French Creek Crossing. Was at C.C.C.Camp at 2.10 P.M. Boys just eating their dinner. Cassou is to go down home this evening. Caught two sunset views with the pencils. One looking south (Bougner Hill), and the other southwest. (Sun farther north-- out of the picture).

Saturday. Nov.25. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Worked around camp. Went over to Doane Valley. Conditions wrong for sketching what I had in mind, so brought sketching tent home.

Sunday. Nov.26. Y.P.C. Clear hereand below. But overcast P.M. summer cloud formation. Had dizzy spell before starting for Hill's -- and while there -- so passed up dinner. Bill Beach was sawing wood, but finished job in the afternoon. Change of plans for Thanksgiving dinner -- to be at 2 P.M. instead of six. Owing to the misunderstanding between the Brawn's and the Webers only Eddie Lyon and the Webers invited -- and Bob, of course. Gene and Nyla were to go down with J. William for their Thanksgiving. And Bill Beach cannot come either. Mrs Hill handed me some cold waffles to take home with me -- and she warned me to be sure to notice the little "billet-doux" in with the waffles. The billet-doux proved to be another ten0dollar check on picture account.

I had made a special inducement for sale of pictures this fall. If a person bought one picture for cash I agreed to put in another of equal free gratis for nothing. Since this offer was made Mrs Hill has made two ten dollar payments on the old picture account -- real money. Therefore I credit h her with $40.oo on account. $131.oo less $40.oo equals $91.oo -- amount still due -- and I am not asking for any of that -- and if I pass there is nothing due my estate.

Monday. Nov.27. Y.P.C. Clear here. Fog toward coast this evening. Set seven traps up Castle Hill way. Good low sunset -- very peculiar. Made one sketch with notes. Change of colors in two upper clouds. At first higher cloud yellow orange -- very light. Below it ~~cloud~~- long cloud purple-violet streaks with brilliant red(toward crimson) streamers. Under that clouds orange-yellow again. Later the higher cloud turned to red and violet, the next lower to to a deep, dark purple -- and the lowest to to violet and orange to the left.

Tuesday. Nov.28. Y.P.C. Fog came up late in the night with a westerly wind. Fine rain was beginning as I started over the trap line. One civet cat which I shot and let lie. One wet fox which I brought home. Got wet to the skin myself. Changed clothes and went to bed for an hour. But the wind shook house and bed so that I began to feel sea-sick -- so had to get up. House rather airy. Did some sawing. Nailed up shakes and put in glass. Decided to let the skinning of the fox go over until tomorrow. High wind during afternoon, but not much rain. Wrote this last about a minute ago --and

now it is hailing furiously. What are we to get tonight? Maybe snow.

Wednesday. Nov.29. Y.P.C. Cloudy. Between two and three inches of snow fell during the night. Seemed very cold -- but less ice in Doane Valley Creek than a week ago. Didn't have enough bed covering to keep me warm -- so went over today to Spruce Hill Camp and got the old patch-work quilt Dr. Judd gave me years ago when he was leaving camp. Also dug up a little flour, a small piece of bacon and some dry Lima beans. Brought over some more glass. Back by way of Doane Valley. C.C.C.Camp apparently deserted. Probably got out before the storm. Coyote and fox tracks in the snow. Hands tried to go to sleep again last night. Can't be that the old heart is going back on me? Went up over the tap line in the afternoon and pulled out traps.

Thursday. Nov.30. Thanksgiving Day. Y.P.C. Cloudy. More snow fell in the night. Cold -- I'll say so! But I slept warm all right. Had put on the heavy woolen socks, khaki trousers and the Mackinau -- all in addition to regular bed-covering! Succeeded in skinning the fox. Some job! I could hardly pull the skin over the head at all, atall. Then up to Hill's. Dinner at 3 P.M. Present,in addition to yours truly -- Mrs Harry Hill, Miss Belle Fanton, Gene and Nyla Lawler, Harry Utley, Gus Weber, Mrs Weber, and last, and not the littlest -- Eddie Lyon. The turkey was provided by Miss Fanton. She had come up Late Tuesday afternoon with Harry Judson. Mrs Hill had expected some Los Angeles friends — but they failed to show up -- scared of the storm, likely.

Got home by moonlight. Clear then. Purdy has received the Monardella plants and now wants 100 lily bulbs.

Friday. Dec.1. Y.P.C. Clear and cold. Mrs Hill had offered me the use of Old Blue, so after breakfast I decided to go up and get him. Rode over to Judson's for supplies. They had practically given up the idea of running a store, but Mrs Judson let me have a can of corned beef, some spuds,-- 3 to be exact, some corn meal and 3 or 4 cups of flour. Harry was not at home, but she thought that he could take me down Wednesday of next week. She will try to get word over to Hill's by Sunday. Had dinner at Hill's -- cold turkey and beef steak. Harry Hill had written that his old tires were about done -- needed money for new tires before would care to tackle mountain roads. Mrs Hill sent what she could spare and now hopes that he will finally decide to come. Brought home bunch of traps I had left near creek crossing and set five close around camp. Dug some manzanita roots. Judson had to advance 85 cents expressage on Monardella plants sent to Purdy.

Saturday. Dec.2. Y.P.C. Clear here and below.~~early~~. Cold all morning but warmed up P.M. Caught one young racoon on Woodwardia Way Trail. Skinned and hung carcass up in a sack for possible use next week in the bill of fare. Took out the five traps set yesterday. Went up Castle Hill and around beyond and collected the 21 traps there.Getting in wood. Twice to creek for water. Chopped a little and dug some dry roots. Getting things together for quick get-away if chance comes before Wednesday.

Sunday. Dec. 3. Y.P.C. Clear here and below early but overcast P.M. To Hill's for waffles and and another turkey dinner. At dinner were present Mrs Hill, Bill and Maryann Beach,Charles and Mrs Brawn, Miss Fanton, and R.H.A. Also present toward end of meal,but not partaking, were Max Bowden, Mrs Bowden, and Bowden Junior. The latter one of the most upstanding youngsters ever. The Bowdens are living in the ranch house Mendenhall Valley. Max is foreman for the Mendenhall Cattle Company. I told Mr. Brawn that I had been much interested in his little booklet. He said that there would be twenty of them. "All different?" Yes, all different. Only one printed so far, but three or four almost ready for the printer. "Slow work", he remarked, "One must be so careful". I made the suggestion that he adapt as his motto; "The world is my oyster." He smiled at that. With this encouragement I became effusive: "And you should have your Palomar address printed in your booklets rather than rubber-stamped. And you should build a castle on the foundation you have already laid and thereafter ~~give~~-y print your address'Castle Brawn, Palomar Mountain, California.'" He seemed to take that suggestion more seriously. Arthur Stone is in Doane Valley to take his cattle out for the winter -- according to Max. Going down home I heard voices and cattle bellowing at the gate east of the mail box, but there was another big bunch of cattle still in North Lower Doane as I passed through at dusk. No word from Judson.

Monday. Dec.4. Y.P.C. Fog A.M. which Lifted P.M. with some sunshine between clouds. Some animal was in the kitchen again last night. Had been in ~~before~~ Saturday night after the butter I had left

on the table, but this time the butter was in a tin box. Worked on house A.M. after noon went across canyon and dug some lily bulbs -- not very many -- too damp and cold there on the shady side of the canyon. Took the two boxes of glass remaining at the end of the road down to the cabin, back by way of Doane Valley and left the lily bulbs there. After supper took over a roll of canvasses to cache with the lily bulbs. Accidentally dumped contents of hot cake batter can over trousers legs and shoe -- the handle came off in my hand -- and short of the makings too.

Tuesday. Dec.5. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Plenty cold. To Tepee early by way of Doane Valley. Too cold to dig bulbs, so tried to burn some of the piled-up brush. Brush didn't want to burn -- so coaxed it with kerosene -- ten feet off end of one pile and a five-foot hole in the other by the time old sol got onto his job on the west end Tepee Flat. Dug 85 bulbs -- whew -- it was cold! Home same way as in morning. Fresh auto tracks at end of road but no new names in Visitor's Book. Left the bulbs with the others. Took over the dry skins before dark. Had taken over paint box and camera tripod in the morning.

Wednesday. Dec.6. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Went over to the Valley soon after daylight expecting to find Judson there. No Judson anywhere in sight -- so started up the valley road toward his place. Still no signs of any Judson. So up the Chimney Flat Trail to Planwydd itself. No Harry Judson there either -- Mrs Judson told me that he had left for San Diego a few minutes only before my arrival. She said

Judson had been down to my Spruce Hill Camp yesterday and again this morning. And I had given her explicit instructions to give to Judson together with a penciled map. And I had said that that I would put up a large white canvas near my pile of stuff. And not at Spruce Hill but north Lower Doane Valley. She further informed me that Harry had been so sure that something had happened to me that he had tried to get the Ranger Station at Oak Grove to order out a searching party to find me. She said that Judson would be home early and that I had better wait for him. He would be going down again Friday and I could tell him myself just where to go so that there would be no more mix-ups. She had expressed a desire for lily bulbs and Scarlet larkspur roots, both of which grew on the place -- so I hustled around and dug half a dozen ef or more larkspur roots and thirty of the bulbs -- blooming size. Then I waited around until 4P.M. but not caring to wait longer I struck out for home with the understanding that if Judson got home within an hour he was to follow me down to the valleys. When I arrived at the Dea Doane Valley cache there was still no sight or sound of any automobile -- so I stuck around until darkand then took my blankets back to camp here. Saved one larkspur for Josie.

Thursday. Dec.7. Y.P.C. Clear here and below. Worked around house putting in glass etc. Took blankets over to valley ea early and back and forth several times. At dark brought my blankets home to camp again.

Friday. Dec.8. 1933. Vacher's Ranch. Judson was to toot his horn if I was not in the valley -- so I began listening long

early and was ready to go long before daylight. At day-
break went over to the valley with my blankets. No Jud-
son -- so started up the road and was half way up Upper
Doane when along came Judson with the Missus. He and her
brother had been down before daylight but had failed to
locate my stuff -- so they returned home and roused Mrs
Judson out of bed, and Judson had brought her along with
him to help find me. When we got down to my cache Judson
admitted that they had had the car within a few feet of my stuff
twice but hadn't seen it or the canvas. The canvas was a-
bout six feet wide and ten feet long strung up between two
trees right beside the old road. I had one big pile near
the canvas, while the sketches , pastellos etc were in the
hollow of a burned oak trunk. I helped load the main pile
and then left Judson to get the stuff from the hollow tree
while I was taking down the canvas. Right there I broke
one of the rules of breaking up camp -- I should have gone
over to the tree myself in order to make sure that nothing
had been left behind. We dropped Mrs Judson off at Planwydd,
and Mr. Judson dropped me and my dunnage off at the El Cajon
Grammer School. Judson had cashed the ten-dollar Hill check
for me -- and so knew that I had a little money in my jeans—
but he wouldnt take any pay for his trouble , or toward the
cost of gasolene. Upon being pressed to take something he f
finally told me to let things go until I owed him ten dollars;
then I could give him "A little sketch with your name to it,"
That means a $25 or $35 picture! Leaving my things at the
school for Gene to bring up after hours I walked out to the
Vacher Ranch. Mr. Vacher sick from a bad cold, but improving.

Josie and Gene both well. At the school I had again left Mr. Judson to finish unloading while I was hunting up Gene. So the sketches and pastellos may be still in his car instead of the hollow tree in Doane Valley. If so I shal) probably be hearing from Judson. As it stands at this moment the pastellos and sketches are among the missing. Gene declares he brought up everything left at the school -- so they can't be there. It's just too bad! All the sunset sketches I was depending upon for ideas in my painting work for the next month or two. If I don't get them very quickly my whole Pai painting program for the winter will be hopelessly upset. I shall have to get busy in the San Ysidro lathhouse middle of January at the latest -- and that will mean no mre painting until some time after I get back to Palomar.

Saturday. Dec.9. Vacher's. Clear. Packed 120 lily bulbs for sending to Carl Purdy. Cleaned the skins -- 5fox and 1 coon — and baled them in sacks for sending to Montgomery Ward. Gave them to the mail carrier with $1.70 -- change to come back Monday. Hoed out a few weeds. Mr,Vacher feeling worse -- went to bed.

Sunday. Dec.10. Vacher's. Clear. Mr. V. better, but did not feel equal to going to church. No visitors. Fog came in late.

Monday. Dec.10. Vacher's. Ground fog until after 8 A.M. Then sunny. Hoed out some weeds in the garden. Started to work e over one of the canvasses I left here last March.

Tuesday. Dec.12. Vacher's. Clear A.M. Cloudy later. Not fee)- extra fine myself. Hoed out a few weeds. Worked out design